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The Thought and The Song.

By M. F. C.

CITY 26419

BOSTON;
DAMRELL & UPHAM,
THE OLD CORNER BOOKSTORE,
283 WASHINGTON ST.
1887.

PS 1473
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[*THE THOUGHT IN THE SONG.*]

A THOUGHT is a crystal water-drop
For myriad primal uses made;
Its offices pure can never stop,
Nor by human hand be stayed.

But a song is a drop to a bubble blown,
Enamelled, resplendent, quivering, light;
All heaven is writ on its iris-zone —
A flash! 't is gone from sight.

II.

[*THE SONG'S VISIT.*]

TODAY a winsome Song came knocking at my door,
Whose voice was like the whispering sea.
"I am here!" she sang,
"O let me in." Sweet rang
Her call. "I cannot," moaned I chained upon the floor,
"Today Pain guards the key."

I heard her turn with saddened step. "O come tomorrow,"
With sudden deathly pang I said.
"Then it may be
I shall be free."
"Tomorrow?" breathed the fading voice with deepening sorrow,
"Tomorrow I shall be dead."

III.

[*THOUGHT-BIRTH*]

A RADIANT Thought came down from heaven,
And fluttered far and wide;
Then saw the Poet's longing gaze,
And nestled to his side.

"O who are you, my lovely one?
I sure have seen your face;
Its archness taunts my memory —
Its heavenly fleeting grace."

"Have you forgotten, Poet dear,
How in fields beyond the sky
Ere ever to this world you came,
Playmates were you and I?"

A FORGOTTEN SONG.]

IN the silent night a Song came down
And kissed me on the brow;
Her lips with dews of night were wet,
Their touch was soft as snow.

I heard her as she swiftly swept
Beyond the window-bar
Whisper a name that gleamed and glowed
And beckoned like a star.

And still her garments brush my cheek,
Her soft kiss thrills me yet;
But ah, the name, so lingering sweet,
So wondrous, I forget!

[*THE SONG'S WORTH.*]

THE world may seek for glory and for gold's bright gleam,
Give me the poet's joy, the poet's pain, the poet's dream.
Let heaven-born thoughts, long-wandering and oft rejected sore,
In radiant trailing robes come crowding to my garret door.
Their smiling shall my bread be, their twining love my wine,
The light that 'neath my rafters glows be from their eyes divine.
Their whispers soft shall in my eager ears so sweetly ring
That songs forth from the pressed and joyous heart shall bounding spring —
Songs that shall swell upon the air and reach each distant nook
Where delvers chained work, and make them wondering upward look.

VI.

[*A MESSAGE.*]

DEAR friend, you know songs catch the ear,
Their music lingers long;
And yet — the thought I send to you
Is sweeter than the song.

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